

The Time Is Far Spent
Text: Eliza R. Snow
quoted here from the 1927 Hymnal

The time is far spent; there is little remaining
To publish glad tidings by sea and by land.
Then hasten, ye heralds; go forward proclaiming:
Repent, for the kingdom of heaven's at hand,

Shrink not from your duty, however unpleasant,
But follow the Savior, your pattern and friend.
Our little afflictions, tho painful at present,
Ere long, with the righteous, in glory will end,

What, tho, if the favor of Ahman possessing,
This world's bitter hate you are called to endure?
The angels are waiting to crown you with blessings!
Go forward, be faithful, the promise is sure.

Ah, all things are known to the mind of Jehovah,
There's nothing concealed from His all-searching eye;
Then fear not, the hairs of you head are numbered,
And even the ravens are heard when they cry.

Be fixed in your purpose, for Satan will try you;
The weight of your calling he perfectly knows.
Your path may be thorny, but Jesus is nigh you;
His arm is sufficient, tho demons oppose.

Press on to the mark of eternal perfection,
Determined to reap the celestial reward,
That you may come forth in the first resurrection,
And feast at the supper of Jesus, the Lord.